

THE  
CLERICAL BAROMETER.

CANTO I.

A POETICAL EPISTLE

ADDRESSED WITH ALL RESPECT

TO THE HONORABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND

JAMES, Lord Bishop of *Lichfield* and *Coventry*,

AND DEDICATED

TO ALL THE CURATES IN THAT DIOCESE (WHO ARE GRADUATES OF EITHER OF THE  
UNIVERSITIES) TO WHOM IT IS DELIVERED GRATIS.

*His igitur rebus subjunctis, suppositisque,  
Terra superne tremis, magnis concussa ruinis  
Subter.—*

LUCRET.

Look round, my Lord, and when your Temples shake,  
When the firm Flags, you trample on, shall quake,  
When Pangs convulsive, when th' internal groan,  
Speak ruin nigh, then tremble for your own.

P. 13.

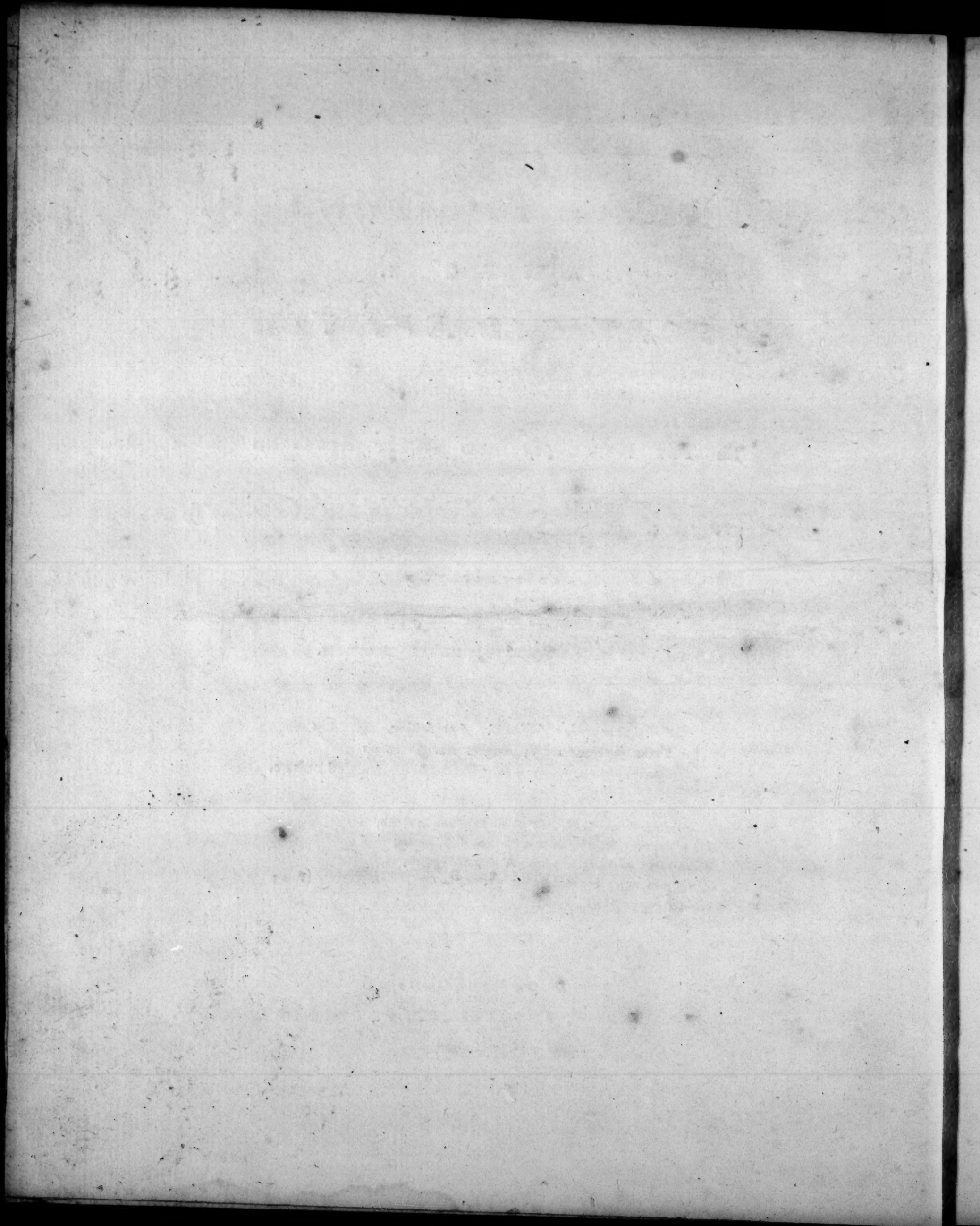
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L O N D O N:

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MDCCCLXXXVIII.







To all the CURATES in the Diocese of *Lichfield* and *Coventry*, or elsewhere, who are Graduates of either of the Universities.

*My Reverend, Learned, and Half-starved Brethren,*

*A*S it is more than probable, that the following lines (like many a pathetic Petition to the Throne) may be intercepted by some great Man in waiting, and never reach the Prelate, to whom they are addressed, they are therefore with all deference laid before you. Your sufferings are a general grievance, and ought to be a general concern. In your persons the credit and character of the purest Church on Earth is deeply wounded. For to you is principally consigned the important charge of inculcating the truths of Christianity, and while the name of Curate unjustly, and cruelly implies both Poverty and Contempt, it is in vain to expect, that the Doctrines of the Gospel will be received with Reverence.

*Ample,*



*Ample, superfluously ample, as the Provisions of the Church are in themselves; by far the greatest part being applied to the purposes of Luxury and Ostentation, the laborious Minister of God's Holy Word smarts under the extremes of Scorn and Indigence. The Cause is evident. Every Pluralist is accessory to it.*

*It would create a very extensive smile to assert, that He, who holds two Livings (the duties of which he does not endeavour to discharge) is amenable in the Court of Conscience; and if so, would it not be wise to prepare an answer for a still higher Tribunal? But if we should see three Livings (the least of which might be a provision for a numerous Family) seized on by some modern Apostle, together with some eligible Curacy, merely to swell an exuberant Income, and serve the purposes of Dissipation or Avarice, we must pause awhile — for we hardly know what term to apply to such inordinate desires; and yet, it is to be feared, that such instances may be met with in every Diocese.*

*This Evil, enormous as it is, extends even to the monopolizing of Curacies. Five, or six, or even more are laid hold on by one of these religious*



*religious Traders, and his half-paid Under-agents, by which means many young Clergymen of real merit are for years precluded from all Employment.*

*Another, and a still greater § injury to the Church itself, arises from that inundation of low-bred Characters, which flows into it from every quarter. Let a Man through indolence or extravagance fail in his own Profession, be what it will, and let him with a whining tone and sanctified aspect approach some \* zealous Fanatic, or officious Pedant, tho' without pretence to talents, education, or even character, he shall find sure refuge in that Profession, which demands the first abilities, the most unblemished conduct. And the success of such Persons is also sure, their progress rapid; secure of one pious Patron, when they engage to discharge all the duties of some lazy Dignitary on terms, which he would not presume to offer to his Valet, or his Huntsman.*

*Under*

§ This is likely to have some abatement by the decease of the Bishop of Hereford, which happened, since the following sheets were committed to the press.

\* This mischief cannot properly be imputed to a Bishop or his Chaplain; for how can they detect such lying Testimonials, which come to them under the signature of Men of supposed-reputable character?



*Under similar oppressions, the Artificer, the Mechanic remonstrates with his Principal, and the grievance is usually removed, but with us Time only rivets our fetters. Is it, that we dream on, under a fallacious hope of being soon classed among the higher ranks to exercise the same despotic spirit, exact the same homage, and give the same proofs of pride, rapacity, and injustice? Let not this hope (sweet as it is) deceive us. Having given sufficient testimony of a Christian spirit, when smitten on one cheek, by offering the other also, let us listen to those precepts, which press upon us in every page of our holy Charter.*

*Thou shalt not muzzle the Ox (that honest, guileless Animal) which treadeth out the corn, was the language of a kind and benevolent Spirit, and there are beyond a doubt on the mitred bench generous, and humane dispositions, neither ignorant of the Curates' distresses, nor averse to remove them. Let us not, therefore, lose sight of the duty, which we undoubtedly owe to such Prelates. Let us not, while we plead for protection, be guilty of presumption, and resemble some modern Innovators, who, under a pretended wish to lop off a few dead branches, endeavour to lay the fatal ax to the root of that Tree, which, with all its imperfections, is the Pride and Ornament of these Realms.*

*We*



*We may remonstrate, and it is time we should. From a collected body such Remonstrance may be listened to; but the mode of application requires the highest degree of caution and discernment: to this the Author of the following imperfect Lines professes himself entirely unequal, and can offer only a very sincere prayer for its success.*

*In some future Canto he may possibly endeavour to articulate more plainly on the subject, and by a Clerical Barometer, ascertaining the properties of the Ecclesiastical Atmosphere, perhaps account for some of its Phænomena. Fortunate, while he plays round the subject, if he may call forth the powers of some superior Pen to so generous a purpose.*

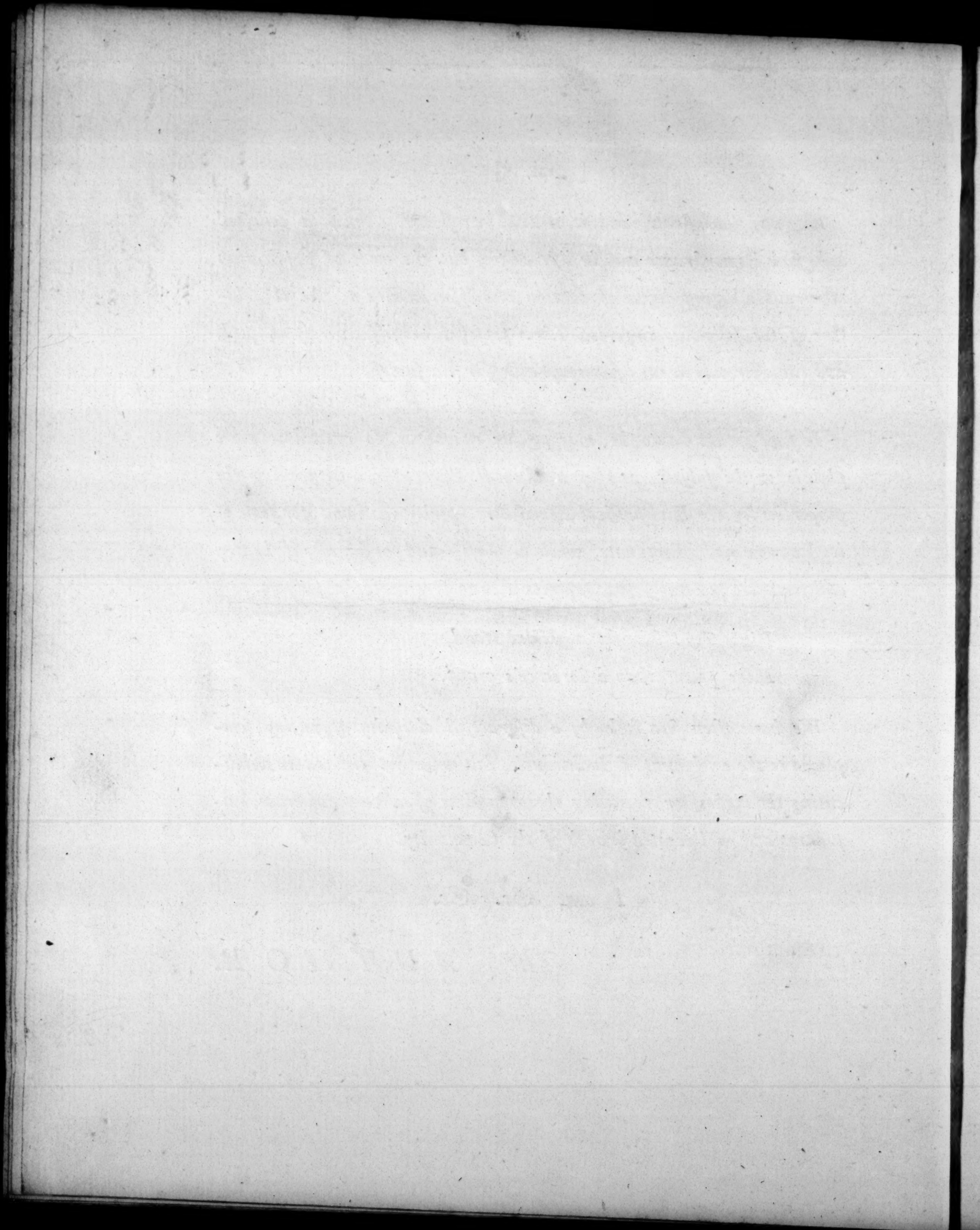
*Light Toy! but, in a skilful Hand,  
More potent than a Sorcerer's wand.*

*We have often seen such, by a disgraceful obliquity of feeling, employed to the emolument of Individuals, but never yet exerted in vindicating the rights, or removing the oppressions of a very numerous, important and mal-treated branch of the Community.*

*I am, &c. &c.*

*The A U T H O R.*







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A N  
E P I S T L E, &c.

C A N T O I.

Εν τοῖς γὰρ τέλος εἶν' ὁμῶς ἀγαθῶν τε καὶ κακῶν τε. HESIOD.

**Y**OUR Son, your Servant too, my Lord, unknown  
Bends with humility before your throne  
To vent no wayward grievance of his own,  
To ask no favour, urge no plaintive prayer  
To filch his birthright from the legal heir,  
To plead no merit, deprecate no wrong,  
Save where the pangs of thousands point his tongue;  
And there, my Lord, your Lordship would grow warm,  
And for a moment too dispense with form.

B

Wife



Wife the decree——the institution wife,  
 ( And he, who dares deny it, basely lies )  
 Which, through the laws ecclesiastical,  
 Bids due subordination bow down all;  
 Bids Apostolic lowliness to grace  
 The Sanctuary, and all its chosen race;  
 Bids haughty Learning duck a servile head  
 To ev'ry calf of gold with brains of lead;  
 Run, like the Prophet, barefoot through the land,  
 Proclaiming——Lo, a Chariot is at hand!  
 And we must kiss the rod, revere the wound,  
 That strikes the passive million to the ground;  
 With open arms that bastard breed embrace,  
 Which eats our bread, and brands us with disgrace.

Then welcome, Spirits all——or foul, or fair,  
 Whether ye spring from fire, or earth, or air,  
 Dark in your deeds, and fable in attire,  
 Colliers, and Smiths, and Chimney-sweepers dire,

Who



Who kindly rise, at zeal's impetuous call,  
 To prop our hallow'd Fabric, ere it fall!  
 Like half-starv'd locusts, from the banks of Nile,  
 Darken the land, its holiest fanes defile;  
 And, as the swarm abates, a million more  
 Burst into life from every common shore:  
 Those, from the \* Devil's gap, who dares defame?  
 Who dares dispute to Literature their claim?  
 Four years at CAMBRIDGE, and with LL. B. grac'd;  
 Yes, 'twould be shameful to arraign their taste;  
 Such Connoisseurs in venison and in wines;  
 Such pretty Sportsmen, and such sound Divines!

Yet in this age, my Lord, in this bold age  
 Remonstrance will hang out a faithful page,  
 In bitterness of spirit will portray  
 Contempt, and beggary—in dread array  
 Will marshal every evil, long forgot,  
 Which marks with infamy the Curate's lot,

With

\* Well known at NEW-MARKET.



With indignation will display them all,  
 And draw a deluge of distemper'd gall  
 From many a tuneful tongue, and pointed pen,  
 To tell one Truth—that Curates still are Men.

Yes, when we see an army of these Boors,  
 Against whose visit Prudence locks her doors,  
 Mere Swindlers of the Gospel, and yet all  
 Allow'd to plead a conscientious call;  
 ‡ Postilion, Hostler, Boots,—(my good Lord JAMES  
 Will help your Lordship to their Reverend Names)  
 When such vile Hirelings scale the sacred Fold,  
 Urged on by appetite, rapacious, bold,  
 The fierce wolf aided by the crafty fox  
 To cheat the Shepherd, and to fleece the flocks;  
 It were enough to make Apostles weep  
 In pastoral note;—Ah, filly, filly Sheep!

Who

‡ It was on ordaining one of these professional Gentlemen, that his Lordship of  
 HEREFORD very facetiously observed: "If he should not be able to *lead* his flock, he  
 will certainly know how to *drive* them."



Who said that WATSON, and that PORTEUS too  
 ( Prelates of highest note, approv'd and true )  
 False to their trust, unkind Apostates grown,  
 Forfook our interest, to pursue their own ;  
 That human Beings, fashion'd of such clay  
 As every Curate wears——who, t'other day  
 Emerg'd important from the needy throng,  
 So soon shook off all sense of Right and Wrong ?

That you, my Lord, forgetful of that name,  
 From whence your tide of proudest honours came,  
 That a CORNWALLIS turn'd him from distress,  
 Nor deign'd to listen, where he should redress ?

'Tis false, by heav'n ! ( my Lord, excuse me here,  
 For 'tis enough to make a Parson swear )  
 I cannot, dare not think it——the belief  
 Is to your spotless fame a recreant thief.

Pondering your charge of earthly things, I trow,  
 ( Forgive the strain, that bends your view so low )



Or snatch'd to heav'n——in thought, my Lord, I mean,  
 (Long may you grace this transitory scene!)  
 Pensive and wandering, on some evening fine,  
 Where roses blush, where honey-suckles twine  
 Around some little Cot (the sweet abode  
 Of all we lose on life's tumultuous road)  
 There, with your Lordship's microscopic eye  
 In snug retirement did you never spy  
 Some chirping Nestlings, shelter'd from the storm,  
 Wrapt up in wool, and comfortably warm?  
 Then, as your finger prob'd the parting thatch,  
 What gaping hunger seiz'd the downy hatch!  
 Oh then, my Lord, what sympathies did glow!  
 What palpitations did your bosom know!  
 Mark'd you (I know you mark'd) with terror wild,  
 The anxious Parents hovering o'er each child,  
 And round and round, delighted, as they fly,  
 The envied morsel liberally supply?  
 But never, never did your Lordship see,  
 Seduc'd by appetite or luxury,

Those



Those worthy Parents gobble down the food,  
And look unmov'd upon the famish'd brood.

For strife too kind, for stratagem too plain,  
Too liberal for the crooked paths of gain,  
For pride too poor, for poverty too proud,  
Scorn'd by the Few, insulted by the Crowd,  
Where shall the true Priest turn with galled kibe  
To shun the Rake's low jest, the Peasant's gibe?  
( 'Tis not, my Lord, imaginary wrong  
That paints this portrait, and that points my tongue )  
Where seek forgiveness for his various crimes,  
His friendly admonitions on the times,  
His bow uncourtly, his high-cultur'd sense,  
His meekness, and his warm benevolence,  
His doctrine and deportment ever one,  
To profit all, and give offence to none?  
Where hope his abject poverty forgiven?  
Where——but by those, the delegates of heaven,

Ordain'd



Ordain'd, I ween, to such high eminence  
 With guardian-hand God's bounty to dispense,  
 To every worthy Son his proper share,  
 Not waste it idly on the desert air.

What! shall those hands, that never fed the flocks,  
 Stily the produce of their fleece embox?  
 Those eyes, that haply never saw the fold,  
 Shall they with rapture glisten o'er its gold?

Oh, grant a Brother's portion!—then respect  
 Shall throw her sunny veil o'er all defect:  
 His head aloft let conscious Merit bear,  
 Or take the ragged frock, you bid him wear!  
 Ah, rather why suppress those powers of mind,  
 Given him in common with all human kind?  
 Why, why withhold those reputable means,  
 Whence Industry her choicest comfort gleans;  
 Which bid the poor Mechanic's hearth to blaze,  
 And his tongue carol with incessant praise,

While



While his fat Offspring, sunk in sleep profound,  
Well-fed, tho' filthy, sprawl contented round?

Oh, would some active Spirit, bold and brave,  
Neither to Pride nor Indolence a slave,  
Follow, at Nature's and at Reason's call,  
The bright example of the good St. PAUL,  
To work with his own hands——(like a true Priest)  
To tan the hide, as well as eat the beast;  
Then would a glorious, plenteous time succeed;  
In golden character we soon should read,  
Blazon'd with all th' *insignia* of the trade:  
NEAT BUCKSKIN BREECHES BY THE REVEREND——MADE!  
HERE SPIRITUAL FINGERS FRIZZLE BEAUTY'S LOCKS!  
AND HERE RIGHT HOMESPUN WEAVE WITH SHUTTLES ORTHODOX.

Alas, my Lord, it will not, cannot be!  
Like other Men we must not hear, nor see,  
Nor taste, nor smell——How comes it, that we feel,  
When Power insults us with an Ass's heel?

D

A



A Mitre let St. PATRICK's Dean dissect,  
 And magnify through spleen the least defect,  
 'Tis not for us, at awful distance thrown,  
 To scrutinize one skull-cap, but our own :  
 Without, all glorious—'twere a matchless fin  
 To doubt the glories, that repose within ;  
 And yet, envelop'd in so dark a gloom,  
 Falshood may Truth's celestial garb assume :  
 Yes, there are some so hardy to aver,  
 The wise may be misled, the best may err.

There goes a rumour through the fair Domain,  
 That smiles beneath your Lordship's tranquil reign,  
 ( Chapter and Verse another time we'll quote ;  
 The margin's honor'd by your Lordship's note )  
 Fresh from PYGMALION's shop ( where Dunces seek  
 A penny-worth of Gospel, and of Greek )  
 The gentle ANANIAS, from his youth  
 Allied to Wisdom, and attach'd to Truth,

Whose



Whose fordid coffers yield sufficient store  
 To purchase half your Diocese or more,  
 With lip demure, and pious plaint drew near  
 The hallow'd porches of a mitred ear:  
 " Learning, my Lord, I have not much to boast,  
 " But useful Knowledge I have long engroft;  
 " My Cabbages are known for twenty miles,  
 " I *makes* a Lip-falve, and I *cures* the Piles;  
 " Large service did I to the Public-Weal  
 " On the GRAND JURY, and since spiritual zeal  
 " Did blindly hurry me to HEREFORD  
 " To buy a License to retail the Word,  
 " The Vineyard's labour rests with me alone:  
 " Your every other Minister's a drone.  
 " I serve four Churches, and for ten pounds each;  
 " And, good my Lord, if you cou'd hear me preach,  
 " With rapture, with astonishment you'd find,  
 " That Education does but mar the mind. "

Touch'd with his tale, derang'd by such distress,  
 My Lord, his bowels yearning to redress,

Folds



Folds to his heart so excellent a Son;  
 Straight a fine Living drops;—the work is done.  
 A Rector now—his holy labours cease;  
 The Parish and the Pulpit rest in peace;  
 The Oxen starve, my Lady's lips grow sore,  
 And good Sir ROGER's r—p grows turbulent *encore*.

Thus, while the honest Husbandman may toil  
 In vain to meliorate a thankless foil,  
 Endure the heat and burden of the day,  
 And all for very very scanty pay,  
 Folly shall raise her voice, and pity rise  
 For shallow sufferings and fictitious sighs:  
 Unseen the wife shall weep, the worthy groan;  
 For what is Merit?—PHILLIPS is not known!

This partial bounty, undiscerning praise,  
 This torrid Sun, whose blind meridian blaze  
 Awakes the embryo-infect into birth,  
 And kills the generous progeny of worth,

Which



Which animates the base alone, at length  
Will scorch the very vitals of our strength.

False is the Fight, and who shall 'scape unhurt,  
When ev'ry spurious Spirit, inexpert,  
Prefumes the weapons of our Faith to wield,  
While the disgusted Warrior quits the field?

It is to fan th' Enthusiast's drooping fire,  
And bid him with a bolder flame aspire:  
It blows the trump of UNITARIAN fame,  
Gives Pygmy PRIESTLEY such a Giant's name.

Look round, my Lord, and when your Temples shake,  
When the firm flags, you trample on, shall quake,  
When pangs convulsive, when th' internal groan  
Speak ruin nigh, then tremble for your own!

Oh, think, while health, and every rosy grace  
Adorn the gills of half your preaching race,

E

The



The better half with cares inclement pine,  
 Are only eminent for grace divine!  
 Think, my good Lord, the Parent of us all  
 Looks down with equal eye on great and small!  
 He gave us all one glorious race to run;  
 Our hopes, our interests, and our honors one;  
 Our pleasure, his:—then, let his will be done!  
 In loyal hearts quench not their hallow'd fire!  
 While you depress the Sons, you wound the Sire.

When Methodism aloft her banners hung,  
 Grac'd by D- ——'s fascinating tongue,  
 Full many a Veteran kenn'd the fatal fray,  
 And in disgraceful silence sneak'd away;  
 But honest ABDIEL, of allegiance sound,  
*Faithful among ten thousand faithless found,*  
 All undismay'd, arose in happy hour,  
 And unsupported, stemm'd her hostile power:  
 Seraphic tones, that charm'd the mob before,  
 A tinkling cymbal then, could charm no more:

ABDIEL



ABDIEL once gone—the same soft notes alarm ;  
Again they vanquish, and again they charm.

Yet, what avails such signal service done ?  
Such holy battles fought, such victory won ?  
From the *canaille* some miscreant-wretch shall rise  
To great command, and, while the Hero lies  
Breathless and faint, shall proudly march away  
With all the honor, and with all the pay.

Ye simple Parents, why consign to birch  
The precious Lad, ye destine to the Church ?  
Why check his parts ? ( the Halt, the Lame, the Blind  
One common refuge in her bosom find )  
Against his merit should misfortune league ;  
Should he, in love with ease, abhor fatigue ;  
A slave to ev'ry fantasy that's new,  
Shun that profession, duty bids pursue ;  
Pursue those pleasures, safety bids him shun ;  
With open eyes to headlong ruin run ;  
Drown'd



Drown'd in debauch, by dissipation foil'd,  
 A Bankrupt-Tinker, or a Tailor spoil'd,  
 Does he on Wife and Child remorseless tread,  
 O'erwhelm with infamy, bereave of bread?  
 Dealing disease and complicated wo,  
 Mocks he the tear, his vices cause to flow?  
 While Duns and Desolation dog his heel,  
 Into God's Temple let the Drunkard reel,  
 Throw o'er his faults the consecrated Gown,  
 He'll grace the Pulpit, and delight the Town.

In College-trammels why consume your pence  
 To mend your breed, and buy superfluous sense?  
 One sense they seldom lack——'tis largely given,  
 And far outbalances the other seven;  
 ( We call it Instinct in the Animal,  
 A safer, surer guide than Rational )  
 To spaniel round the footsteps of the Great,  
 And lick the haughty hand, that bids them eat;  
 By slow degrees, adhesive to the scent,  
 Dextrous to climb Preferment's steep ascent;

While



While the kind breast, where honest ardors glow,  
 Where genius sparkles, waits unseen below;  
 Rewarded by internal praise alone,  
 By all the Great unnoticed, or unknown.

Four years—and yet the gaping throng untir'd,  
 Prais'd and o'erlook'd, neglected tho' admired;  
 Without one Friend, except his \**puis ne* Pay,  
 See PHILLIPS, like an Exile, walk away;  
 Shame on it, MITRES!—(Pardon me, my Lord,  
 Abruptly burst the irreligious word)  
 No Patron near, his heart, his purse unstrung  
 By the soft accents of that tuneful tongue;  
 No well-fed Prelate, no well-flatter'd Peer  
 With smiles his solitary steps to cheer;

(Those

\* This diminutive epithet is only meant comparatively, with a view to those great emoluments, which arise from the other learned Professions. It was singularly honorable both to this eminent Preacher, and his Audience, that, (in more than one instance) he had his stipend, as a Curate, almost doubled by a voluntary contribution.



(Those visionary smiles, whose morning-rays  
 Melt, like a meteor, in meridian-blaze)  
 No Lord——except the LORD of Hosts should rise  
 To do that justice, which the World denies,  
 To cherish his best work——to lift up Worth  
 Above the despicable sons of Earth.

O Mother Church, once blessing, to be blest,  
 Caressing all the Good, and most the Best,  
 There was a time, when Merit's piercing ray  
 Could force a passage into glorious day,  
 In quest of honor could outstrip the wind,  
 And leave the lagging multitude behind!  
 No generous pride now animates thy host;  
 But he, who stoops the lowest, rises most:  
 Thy modern Sons, without one legal claim  
 From parts, from service, or to wealth, or fame,  
 By vermin tricks, a little reptile breed,  
 Crawl to thy core, and there luxuriant feed.  
 Yes, I could curse the day——in bitter rhymes  
 Could execrate such poor, apostate times,

That



That One, so fashioned to inform the age,  
And throw new radiance on the sacred Page,  
Should, while his talents cast a chilling shade  
Upon the proudest names——be thus repaid!  
Sunk to a level with each plodding tool,  
And forced to fly for refuge to a School!

'Tis not enough, thy stubborn fate may tell,  
In all that's excellent, there most t'excel,  
In one exalted character combine  
The finish'd Scholar, and the true Divine;  
Forbid Preferment's ladder to look up,  
While every Dunce is scrambling to the top:  
Oh, vainly clever! on this side the grave  
Thy foot shall never mount one single stave.

Then throw allegiance to the dogs,---and fly  
To climes more friendly, and a kinder sky,  
At brighter altars bend a suppliant knee!  
Why starve with her, who breaks no bread for thee?

Second



Second to none——aspire with manly pride!  
The Law is open——ERSKINE be thy guide!  
Honor, and Wealth, and Power shall cheer thy Soul,  
And Beauty's sovereign smile shall consecrate the whole.

“ Ah, no !” th' infatuate Devotee replies,  
“ Superior views and dearer hopes I prize ;  
“ From earliest youth Religion's cause was mine,  
“ And still she wooes me with a voice divine ;  
“ Her smile is Honor, Wealth, and Power to me ;  
“ My Soul bows down more pliant than my knee,  
“ More proud to bear the trailings of her robe,  
“ Than stretch unbounded empire o'er the Globe.”

This world was made for CÆSAR——Be it so !  
All may endure, tho' few evade the blow :  
Yet what contempt !——Those, that withhold the cure,  
With more than Stoic coldness cry——“ ENDURE.”

Of all high Stations that we deem the best,  
Which is with largest, surest Comfort blest ;

So,



So, of all abject lots must that be worst,  
 Which is pronounc'd beyond redemption curst:  
 The first (in common with a chosen few)  
 Is happily, my Lord, assign'd to you;  
 The last, a dire, and desperate disease,  
 No pill can purge, no patience can appease,  
 While, fost'ring each insatiate worm of Pelf,  
 It breeds \* *Ichnumon* ruin in itself,  
 (While Pluralists their hungry talons stretch,  
 Dissatisfied, at all beyond their reach;  
 Whose pride, and blind rapacity of Soul  
 To seize on part, would sacrifice the whole)  
 It falls, my Lord, how base so e'er it be,  
 With emphasis on thousands, as on me;  
 On me it long has fallen—and let it fall!  
 Self is not thought of, when we feel for all:  
 For higher Worth, for meritorious Wo  
 From my best pen these sable torrents flow;

• The *Ichnumon*-Fly deposits its eggs in the fatty Parts of the Caterpillar-worm,  
 which, as soon as hatched, begin to devour the helpless animal. Naturalists are now well  
 convinced, that the *Ichnumon*-tribe are not the Caterpillar's Offspring, but its Murderers.



vii, 22  
C. 18  
2000  
M. J.

[ 22 ]

That Worth, which, form'd for Freedom, lives a Slave;  
Drops undistinguish'd in the silent grave;  
That Worth, which, lifted to its proper place,  
Would to RIGHT REVERENDS give RIGHT HONORABLE GRACE.

Oh, that my lot was theirs! Could they with me  
These deform'd objects in their true shape see,  
In their full plumage, with a careless eye  
View all the Little Great go strutting by;  
Too brave to beg, too honest to beguile,  
Above their frown, why not above their smile?  
Content to finish, where my course begun,  
Cheerful, a long laborious race I run;  
Thanks to that hand, with blessings ever full,  
Which kindly made me diligent and dull,  
Taught me to wring by unremitting toil  
A bitter Portion from a barren Soil!

END OF CANTO I





